

Snowed In by [kitten_michael](#)

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Summary:

You and Hop are snowed in during a bad storm and the heater goes out, so you cuddle in bed to stay warm

Snowed In

Author's Note:

This was a request on my writing blog, requests can be sent to djsstrangerwritings.tumblr.com

"How can you not like hot cocoa?!" You yell, staring at your boyfriend in horror. His rumble of laughter doesn't help things at all.

"I'm a coffee guy, sweetheart. Hot cocoa is too damn sweet for my taste." He chuckles leaning forward to kiss your forehead. "Besides you're the only sweet treat I need." He says his voice a low rasp and it makes your cheeks flare up with heat. You swat at him trying your hardest not to smile.

"Jim Hopper!" You squeal. "You are horrible."

"Don't know what you mean, sugar." He smirks cupping your cheek in one hand and leaning in to peck your lips, his tongue sliding over your bottom lip getting a taste of the hot cocoa you had been drinking. Suddenly there's a loud metallic shriek on the other side of the room and you pull apart looking over at the culprit-the heater in the corner of the room is sputtering out dramatically.

"Oh shit." You mutter knowing that if that goes out there's no other source of heat in the cabin and the idea of being cold wasn't an appealing one to you.

"Ah, god damn it." Jim growls getting up and crossing the room just as the thing shuts off completely no hope of it coming back on, and the chill from the winter storm happening outside doesn't take long to settle over the room. You shiver and wrap your arms around yourself looking over at Hop.

"What do we do now? Its too late, and the roads are too bad to go get a new one right now." You sigh. Jim grimaces at you for a second before his face lights up and you can tell he has an idea. He wraps an arm around your waist and picks you up bridal style a squeak of surprise sounding from your throat.

"We are gonna go get in that big bed of mine and cuddle up and keep each other warm until this storm blows over." He says carrying you to his room laying you down in the bed and pulling the covers down so you can get comfortable under them. He climbs up the bed over you a teasing smirk on his face as he plops himself down on top of you with a sigh.

"Hoppah!" You yell, his name muffled by his large chest and you grumble trying to shove at him. "Ge' off a me!"

"Sorry, what was that sweetheart? I couldn't hear you?" He chuckles and the vibrations rumble through you, you try so hard not to smile because you were supposed to be mad about this but damn it he was so cute.

"You are an ass." You groan pushing up on his shoulders but not making much impact on actually moving him off of you.

"That's just rude sugar, I'm simply trying to keep my girlfriend warm you see." He says and you can just hear the smug smirk in his voice.

"Hop I really can't breath." You murmur, but you were fine, your face was in the crook of his neck and you kept breathing in his scent, which was a unique blend of tobacco, Irish spring soap and something else you could never put a finger on, but he always smelled so good and just like him. He lets out another soft chuckle and lifts himself off of you resting on the bed next to you, wrapping an arm around your middle.

"So dramatic, sweet thing." He says brushing hair away from your face and kissing you softly as you wrap one leg over his hip.

"I don't like being crushed by gigantic brutes." You roll your eyes but giggle kissing him back. "What do we do now? I'm not sleepy."

"We could fuck? That'd certainly wear you out." He says bluntly not at all beating around the bush and your cheeks instantly heat up. You smack his shoulder shaking your head at him.

"You are a pervert, Jim Hopper."

"True, but so are you darling, you're just better at hiding it." He

chuckles kissing your temple.